



SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902



A MODERN INSTANCE.

Story of Obscene Pictures, an Unjust Accusation and a Sadly-Blighted Childhood.

I felt him before I saw him. I heard a stealthy movement behind me, as of some creature in trouble creeping into the car. I had been watching the parting groups on the platform of the little country station, but this passenger was not one of them.

Turning, I faced the boy, as he shuffled past me and huddled into the corner seat in the front end of the car. Oh, such a face for a boy! Enough to break a mother's heart! And in the eyes a look that appealed to all the protecting tenderness a woman can know.

The boy was about 14, but pale and thin, and crouching low in the seat, he looked scarcely 12 years old. His face and hands were dirty, as if with long and rough travel, his clothing soiled, his coat torn and dusty. He sat with his back half turned toward me, intently watching the door. His pallor showed through the grime, yet, as the conductor entered, I noted an added wave of sickly wanness spreading over his tanned neck, and a great pulse began to flutter in and out beneath his ear.

I leaned forward, apprehensive of—I knew not what.

What the boy said was too low for my ears, but the conductor's voice was clear and stern. "Oh? No ticket! Then you must pay your fare. What? No money, either! Not a cent? Then what are you doing here. How dare you board the train? I'll have to put you off at the next station."

A wave of painful red passed over the tanned neck. The boy's rejoinder was long, but still inaudible to my ears.

The conductor's voice softened a little as he said: "I'll see to you when I come back," and passed on his rounds.

The boy rose unsteadily, and passed the back of his hand across his eyes. He passed out and forward into the smoking car. He walked with a limp. Was he going to throw himself from the train? Should I run after him? Should I call the brakeman? Or was he only going to beg his fare from some kind-faced traveling salesman in the smoker?

When the conductor, at liberty, returned through our car, I stopped him with my questions. "No," he



I TOOK HIS THIN AND FEVERISH HAND IN MINE.

said, "no need of money for him, but the little rascal looks hungry. Yes, I'll take him to him; thanx. Looks to me like a case of runaway boy, but he says he is trying to get home, and, if he tells the truth, I'll put him through."

Soon the conductor returned, with my napkin and sandwich case.

"I guess the little chap is all square," he said. "He claims to live at W—, where my home is, and I know the name he gives. There is such a family there, and he told me where his brother works, and his sister is a teacher in one of the schools. It is the end of my run, and when we get to W— I'll take him to the house myself, before I go home, and try to see his mother alone."

"Yes, he has a mother living, but he is afraid his father won't let him stay. Oh, no! not any trouble at all! We have lots of such cases. Only what I'd want a man to do for one of my little chaps. Maybe you could find out more of his trouble, and help put him right. I'll send him back in here."

When the child returned I went and sat by his side, and, without a word, took his thin and feverish hand in mine. Presently the whole story burst, like a torrent long repressed, from the starved, defrauded young heart, bearing its tortures of grief alone, in a Christian land, with a home, a father, a mother, a young lady sister, a big brother and a baby sister.

And what had caused all his misery? What had the child done? Let his own incoherent words tell: "Yes, ma'am, I will. I'll tell you the whole thing, straight, hope to die if I don't. It was all in school the trouble happened. Wish I hadn't a

gone that day! And I never done a thing, honor bright! This is the way it begun. A big boy—he was visiting our room—he gave me a book and nodded for me to hand it across the aisle to Alice. Alice, she's the preacher's girl, and when she took it, a lot of things fell out of the book onto the floor, and teacher she heard it, and came and picked 'em all up, and they was bad pictures, and had folks naked on 'em."

"And they found some more, in the corner of my desk, but I never saw one of 'em before, hope to die! And Alice she cried, and nobody wouldn't believe me, and teacher she took and locked me up till the superintendent come back from the other school-house, and he wouldn't believe neither, and they had the whole school board into it, and they turned me out of school! And I never laid eyes on their old pictures, till I saw the teacher pick them up, after Alice dropped 'em."

"But pa, he wouldn't believe me, and he beat me with a cane, till ma she made him stop, and he never done it before; and ma, she cried all night, and when sister come home she wouldn't let me be in the same room, and she said if I wasn't made an example of her room would cut up worse than ever."

"And Alice was sick and had to stay out, and when she went the girl wouldn't speak to her, and after awhile her pa—the preacher, you know—he had to move away to a new church, where they didn't blame Alice, 'cause some of the scholars said that she brought the pictures to school."

"But I know she didn't, 'cause Tom, my chum, he risked a lickin' to come up in our barn to see me, and he told how that big boy had visited our room, he bought cigarettes, and the candy-kitchen woman she tore 'em open and dropped a roll of pictures on the floor, 'cause she dastent to sell 'em, and the boy he sneaked around and picked 'em up, and put some in the book he got me to hand to Alice, and when he see the teacher was a-coming he just tucked the rest into the corner of my desk, and Tom saw it all."

"And ma she come in the night, and she put some cool stuff on the big welts where pa licked me, and she cried some more, and she said: 'Now, George, and she wouldn't call me Georgie! no she wouldn't!'—(here the tears came)—"but she said: 'Now, George, if you will only tell me the truth, and confess where you got those shameful pictures, I will believe you, and try to forgive you, and you can kiss little sister again,' (for she'd kept me away from the baby, as if I was so bad I'd black off onto her), and I couldn't say nothing but just what I had said, to the teacher and all the board, and so I said: 'Why, ma, I have told you all I know about it. That boy that went away the next day, he gave me the book to hand to Alice, and I never knew anything was in the book. And Tom saw him stick the rest in my desk, but his ma won't let him mix up in it.'"

"So pa he wrote a letter to Uncle Alf, and I don't know what was in it, but he wrote back, and then I had to go. And ma, she felt so bad she wouldn't let the baby kiss me good-bye, and the baby stretched out her little hands and cried after me, and I guess I'd a died, only ma run after us and give me one good hug. But pa, he just blowed his nose, and said the train was there, and I must be a good boy and work hard, and then the train started."

"Uncle Alf begun hard on me first off, and he made me work early and late, and I never stayed any on a farm before, and he expected me to know it all, and I got so lame and stiff, and I let the horse step on my foot, and he wouldn't let me stop work, and I guess I'll always limp, and the hired man that slept with me, he was mean to me, and I didn't have a thing to read, and all the time Aunt Jane had kept the children away from me as if I was pison, and I got so homesick I thought I should die, and one night I just got up and started home, but Uncle Alf he heard me, and he took after me with a rawhide and said he'd teach me to run away. See that—that's where the end of it cut me! That was a week ago, but it seems a year, and early yesterday morning I hid in a place I found, and when they was all out-a-lookin' for me, I crawled out, and run for life, and here I be, and I've just got to get home, even if I can't go to school, and I'll just hang onto my ma, and make her believe me, 'cause I told her the truth about them pictures. It's pa I'm afraid of, but he ain't like Uncle Alf, after all."

"Say, lady, I wish you'd tell me what makes 'em let folks put such pictures inside cigarettes!"

"I could not tell him. Friends, can you?"

But what if the next innocent victim of our faulty civilization should be your boy, or my boy? Oh, be sure his mother would believe him, and never fail him, though all the world beside visited upon his helpless head the blame that lies upon us all—citizens, who let this accursed thing flourish in our midst."

And what of the motherless Alice, with taint on her budding girlhood? What of her father, the man of God, driven from his parish by injustice? Whose business is it to cleanse our news-stands, our candy-kitchens, our grocery-stores and our restaurants from these vile destroyers of our dearest and our best?—Mrs. McVean-Adams, in Union Signal.

Closed the Incident.
The driver lashed the mule, to make her travel faster. The mule, she landed one swift kick—And got another master.
—Chicago Tribune.

WEIRD INDIAN RITES.

Observed at a Funeral at the Fort Hall Agency.

Ancient Bannock Usages and Customs Carried Out with Startling Effect by Hundreds of Braves and Squaws.

A typical Indian funeral took place at Fort Hall Indian agency, Idaho, recently, and all of the ancient usages and customs of the race were carried out with dramatic effect.

After laying out the dead Indian in handsome native costume, painting one side of his face an olive green and the other a bright orange, the friends proceeded to collect the effects of the deceased and divide them among the mourners. The trading post was next visited. Here about \$150 was spent in purchasing such articles as beads, blankets, fancy bags, red cloth, shawls, pipes, calico and other things, all dear to the Indian heart.

Then active preparations began for the funeral proper, which was set for the following day. Throughout the night those who had been favored with the personal effects of the dead Indian howled and shrieked in hideous fashion. Early in the morning the body was carried to a convenient hill. There it was met by a delegation of mourners composed for the most part of squaws, stripped to the waist and with their legs bared to the knees. As soon as the procession of body-bearers here in sight the squaws set up a low wailing cry, and without interruption, save for occasional ear-splitting shrieks from the braves, they kept this up for some time in rude unison. As they wailed they cut their arms and legs with knives, bits of stone or glass, causing the blood to flow freely. When the flow from these wounds partly or completely ceased they would tear the gashes with their finger nails to bring on renewed bleeding. This torture is one of the prime

evidences of their sorrow. Above the din created by the mourners a voice could occasionally be heard recounting the virtues of the deceased.

For three hours this ceremony went on. Then some friend of the dead Indian conceived the idea of a double funeral as more fitting evidence of grief. The mourners at once proceeded to exhume the body of a little child of the deceased that had been buried the week previous. After the body had been taken from the grave it was given to a big squaw, who clasped the little one to her bosom, mounted a pony, and rode back and forth through the crowd shouting the virtues of both father and child in fantastic fashion.

In the meantime a grave had been dug. It was twice as large as was necessary to contain the body, but another was prepared for the child at right angles with that of the father, making the whole resemble the letter T. The bodies were then tumbled into these rough holes in the ground, the head of the child resting against the side of the father. Both were appropriately painted and decorated and then the squaws set up an awful wailing, which in effect eclipsed any of their previous efforts. Next came the donations to the dead. Articles of every description which might prove beneficial or entertaining to the Indian in the "happy hunting ground" were lavished upon his body until the grave was filled to within a short distance of the surface. Then enough dirt was heaped on to fill the grave, and a pole was stuck in the ground, to which were attached a medicine flag and the dancing and war headdress of the deceased. Two of his favorite horses were then killed on the grave and this ended the burial rites.

Here is a Curious Check.
A curious check was presented to the cashier of one of the Tonawanda banks recently. This check, which was for ten dollars, was made payable to "the sweetest of the sweet," and was presented to the cashier in the ordinary way. The cashier, naturally startled by the unusual expression in the body of the check, asked, in innocence: "Who is the 'sweetest of the sweet?'"

"I am," replied the lady. "Kindly endorse it that way," said the cashier. She did. And, as her husband's account warranted it, for, like prudent man, he had not overdrawn it, "the sweetest of the sweet" received her money.

Mock Money for the Dead.
A curious industry in China is the manufacture of mock money for offerings to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made of tin, hammered to the thickness of paper and stamped out to the size required.

Worst Wretch on Record.
Bashand (kindly)—My dear, you have nothing to wear, have you? Wife (with alacrity)—No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'll be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already.

Husband—Yes, that's just what I sold Blinky when he offered me two tickets for the opera to-night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted,

Like Master, Like Man.
"A mule," said Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "is sho' o'ne er de meane's animals dat walks on feet."

"Das so," answered Mr. Cassius Colli-flower; "but when you considers some o' de human folks he has to work for you can't so much blame de mule."—Washington Star.

Thrilling Moments.
"Johnnie," called the mother, "I want you to go to the store for me!"

"Wait a minute, maw," replied the youth, who was absorbed in a five-cent volume. "Pepperholo Pete has 37 Indians to kill, an' it'll only take him about two minutes."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

so I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?—Tit-Bits.

A Spoil Story.
Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story)—Hardly had I taken aim at the lion on my right when I heard a rustle in the jungle grass, and perceived an enormous tiger approaching on my left. I now found myself on the horns of a dilemma! Interesting Little Boy—Oh, and which did you shoot first the lion, or the tiger, or the dilemma?—London Punch.

Ambition.
For some the cheering of the throng
For some the pleasures riches bring
For some proud titles or a nod
Of recognition from the king;
For some sweet fame or grace to stir
The hearts of weary men with song—
For me to just hold hands with her,
And let the old world drift along.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE WRONG PLACE.
First Trombone—Ach, do not play here. Let us away.
The Double Bass—But der man inside said dot we blays here he would take us in und give us a drink.
First Trombone—But dot ist der drubbles. Dond you see it ist er mineral vatter boddling works. Herrouse mit um.—Chicago Tribune.

Bait.
The fisherman, with line and hook,
Hears, as he idly basks,
The gurgle of the limpid brook—
And eke the limpid brook—
—Philadelphia Press.

Why the Doctor Felt Badly.
"Dr. Bingham's badly used up by his last case, eh?"

"I should say so. He pronounced the patient dead and sent for the undertaker, when he came to life."

"He ought to be glad of it."

"Not at all. Having pronounced the girl dead, he considered her recovery a reflection on his skill."—Denver Times.

She Was His Opal.
She—You know, George, they say the only gem which cannot be imitated is the opal.

He—My dear, I have always considered you as a jewel, and now I know what sort of a jewel you are, for there is none like you.—Yonkers Statesman.

Honey-moon Trust.
Mrs. Olden—And do you really believe everything your husband tells you?"

Mrs. Newed—To be sure I do. Tom says he tells me nothing but the truth about things I should know.—Chicago Daily News.

An Economist.
"They say he's an economical man." "Economical! Well, rather. Why, he told the young man who was engaged to his daughter that if he would elope with her he'd give him half what the wedding would cost."—Chicago Post.

TRUTH APPARENT.



Mrs. Avoirdupois (to small man who is hurrying)—Stop pushing me, sir! You needn't think you can push me because I haven't an escort.

—Chicago Daily News.

GREAT DISADVANTAGE.



Maud—I never read serial stories in newspapers and magazines.

Ethel—Why not?

Maud—Because one can never read the last chapter first.

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This offer is, without the least doubt, the greatest value for the least money ever offered by any newspaper in the whole history of journalism.

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LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME

No.	PIANO OR ORGAN.	No.	PIANO OR ORGAN.
313	Aida Transcription	236	Across the Bridge
317	Alto for Chorus	238	Are you lonely now my darling? Chorus
165	American Liberty March	240	At Noon
323	Alto for Chorus	242	Ave Maria, from Cavalleria Rusticana
101	Antonia's March	244	Beautiful Moonlight, Duet
325	Angels' Dream, Op. 24	246	Bells of Seville
247	Artist's Life	248	Beethoven's "Ely," same
181	Auld Lang Syne	250	Between Love and Duty
327	Bagatelle Polka	252	Blue Eyes
183	Baldin's Song	254	Boys' Song, Chorus
329	Battle of Waterloo	256	Bridge, The. Words by Longfellow
179	Baudouin's Paradise Waltz	258	Brown Eyed Beauty, Chorus
217	Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz	260	Can't You See I'm in Love
331	Black Hawk Waltz	262	Childhood's Happy Hours
185	Blooming Rose Polka	264	Christmas Carol
257	Blue Bell of Scotland, Trans.	266	Come When the Soft Twilight Falls
333	Boston Common	268	Come Back to Our Cottage
109	Bridal March from Lohengrin	270	Corn's Branch of Promise, Cake Walk
335	Brunette Waltz	272	Crown of Glory
229	Bryan and Sewall March	274	Darling Nellie Gray
187	Cavalier's Rustic	276	Dearest Heart
337	Cadence and Scat, all keys	278	Dear Heart, We're Growing Old
133	Cadence and Scat, all keys	280	Did You Ever Call Me Darling?
339	Cadence and Scat, all keys	282	Did You Ever Call Me Darling?
135	Cadence and Scat, all keys	284	Did You Ever Call Me Darling?
341	Cadence and Scat, all keys	286	Did You Ever Call Me Darling?
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